

A Song of the Gray Mother.

"Ay, talk to your gray mother that bore you on her knees!"

Kipling.

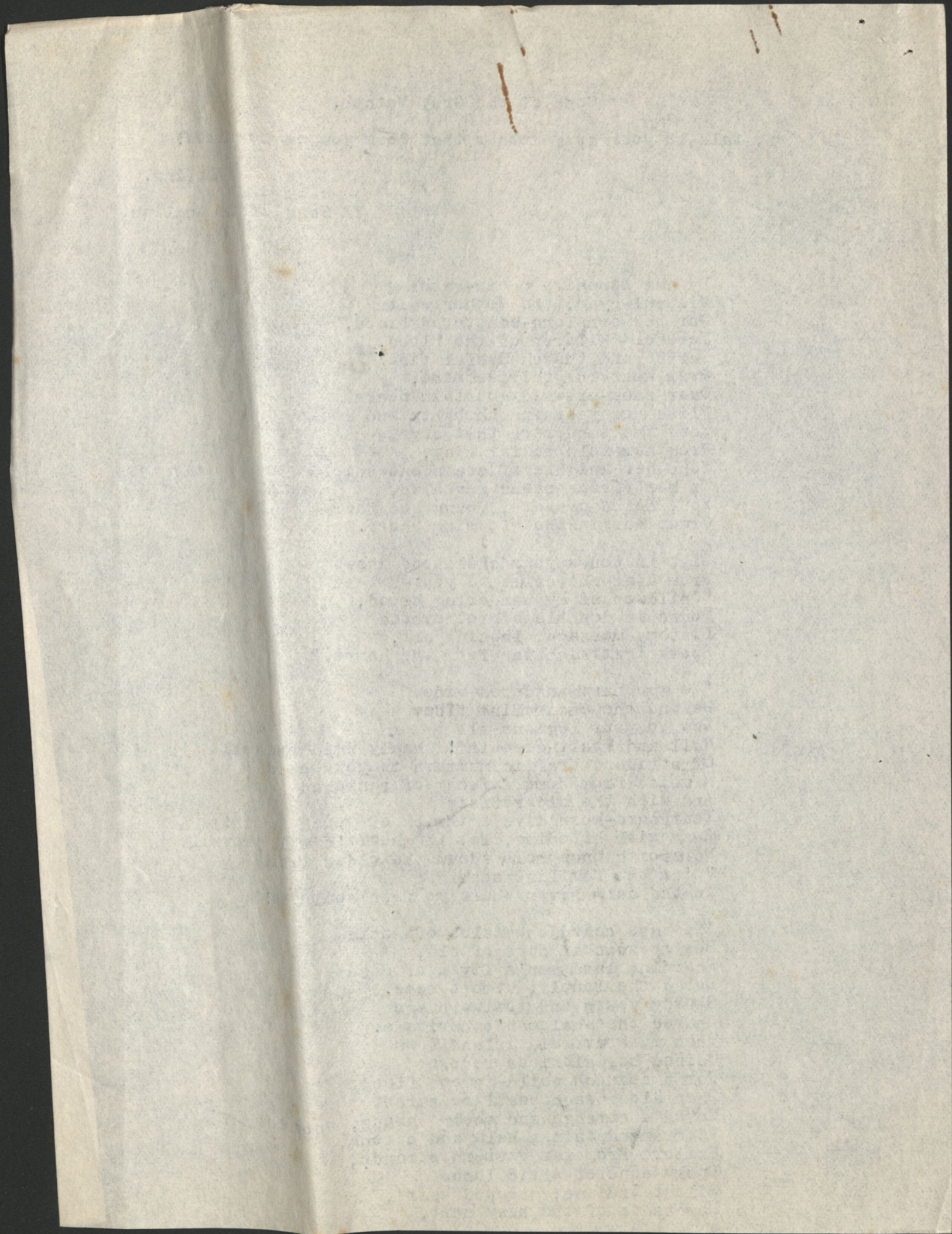
"A Song of the English."

By her sapphire ocean-gates
Wistful-eyed, the Mother waits
For her own long-scattered brood,
For her children of the blood,
Far beyond the changeful tide,
Over western prairies wide,
Over snow-crowned mountain peaks
Flies her yearning thought and seeks
You, the wanderers that stray
From her fold so far away,
You, her knights of stainless shield
To her vision stand revealed,
You, her daughters, young and fair
Greet her in the gloaming there.

List in tones your childhood knew
From afar she calls to you:-
"Children of my wandering brood,
Bound in deathless brotherhood
List my message, lacking art,
Speak I straightway from the heart."

"Ye who have wandered wide
Beyond the encircling tide,
Now to your legions all
Hail and heart-greeting! haply amid the call
Of strident traffic murmurs in your ears
A voice from Home, a song of vanished years,
And with the old refrain
Your care-worn days a thrill of youth regain!
Away with brooding, let the heart's will prevail
Fareforth once more adown the olden trail
"O'er the familiar sea
To the calm haven where ye fain would be!"

"Ye have heard the tale oft told
How my sons in days of old,
Scorning landmen's lives of ease
Dared the lonely, utmost seas.
Sturdy youth and toilworn age
Shared the whaleman's heritage.
Then my brave old island town
Gained her glorious renown
For a staunch world-famous fleet,
Then along each bustling street
Moved a strange and motley throng, *Motley*
Veteran captains, hale and strong,
Sailors from far western strands,
Dusky sons of Afric lands
Silent Indians, grouped apart,
Merchants of the busy mart,



While amid the changing scene
 With their calm, contrasting mien
 Plain drab-coated Quakers moved,
 Sterling townsmen, tried and proved,
 From their haunts on sea and shore
 Vanished now forevermore."

"Call to mind the weary years
 Fraught with womens' hopes and fears,
 Watch with them through winters' gales
 For the gleam of homing sails,
 Mid the stress of hope deferred,
 Praying for the longed-for word
 Flashed from out the mystery
 Of the gray, unmindful sea."

The Outlook.

(Maiden)

What spyest thou from thy house-top loft
 O ancient marinere,
 Hast sighted yet my good ship **Hope**
 That sailed out yesteryear?

(Old Man)

I see a blank, dismantled hulk,
 Deep sunk on yonder shoal
 Her crew? Alas, the hungry sea
 Hath garnered every soul!

(Maiden)

Cans't thou discern my castles grand
 On yon far hills of Spain,
 And will my youth's possessions ~~then~~ **there**
 One day be mine again?

(Old Man)

E'en as the fog bank's pinnacles
 Melt in the mid-day air,
 So have thy castles crumbled all
 And left no remnant there.

(Maiden)

Canst Pray, cans't thou see my true-love's bark
 On yonder smiling sea,
 And wilt thou tell what blessed wind
 Shall waft him back to me?

(Old Man)

Alas, ~~thy~~ true-love cometh not
 On smiling sea or shore,
 The gallant ship that bore him hence
 Will come back nevermore!

While amid the changing scene
With their only, comforting wish
Their day-dreams faded away,
Breathing heaven, tried and proved,
From their hearts on sea and shore
Vanished now forevermore.

"Gail to mind the weary years
Faded with women, hopes and fears,
Washed with their through waters, gulls
For the dream of home and wife,
Mid the stress of hope deferred,
Praying for the longest day
Faded from out the weary
Of the day, wandering sea."

The Outlook

(Maiden)
What speaks thou from the house-top lone
O ancient mariner,
Hast thou not yet my good ship "Wage"
That sailed out yesterday?

(Old Man)
I see a blank, dismantled hull,
Deep sunk on yonder shore
Not crew, alas, the hungry sea
Hath garnered every soul!

(Maiden)
Gone! thou dost seem my castle grand
On yonder hills of Spain,
And will my youth's possessions then
One day be mine again?

(Old Man)
'Tis as the forlorn bark's passenger
Went in the mid-day air,
So have the castles crumbled all
And left no remnant there.

(Maiden)
Fare thee, castle thou and my true-love's land
On yonder smiling sea,
And will thou tell what blessed wind
Shall waft him back to me?

(Old Man)
Alas, thy true-love cannot see
On smiling sea or shore,
The gallant ship that bore him hence
Will come back nevermore!

Time stayeth not, so swift the years have flown
 And many a change the island realm hath known,
 Her ships are vanished from the western seas,
 Where once their canvas bent to every breeze,
 Her stalwart captains tread their decks no more,
 Her hardy whalemens to the unknown shore
 Long since departed. On her peaceful streets
 A stranger throng my wondering vision greets.
 All, all is changed, yet deem not, ye who mourn
 Heart's love lies dead, by time and space outworn,
 Still at her vigil by the seaward gates
 The yearning mother for her children waits,
 And waiting, dreams of all her vanished host
 At memory's call returning to her coast,
 Oft in her dreams remembered forms arise,
 Faces alight with hopeful - earnest eyes,
 Her boys, who bore the flag through flood and field
 Till freedom's bond in martyrs' blood was sealed.
 They of the legion, who, ~~was~~ with tireless hand
 Bore learning's wakening torch throughout the land,
 With summer winds from out the void they come
 Like migrant birds in eager flight for home,
 Clear to her view with faces all aglow,
 They near the port, the Land-of-Long-Ago.
 Teach them to know that whereso'er they wander
 My heart still calls them home.

When tempests rage and clouds hang darkly o'er them
 Be thou their beacon light
 Bid them sail on until The Buoy-bell bore them
 Beams radiant to their sight.

What sound floats in from the sea to-night
 Over meadows bathed in the sunset light?
 'Tis a bell on some far cloudland height
 Still beside the Tolling, mournfully tolling!
 Gray and worn the Mother waits
 Evermore: What sound rings over the isle to-night
 Of the From the outer bar with its crest of white?
 Sounds 'Tis the shriek of a demon in his flight
 Like the dirge Clanging, dismally clanging!
 Still by night her seasons burn
 Lest What sound drifts in from the sea to-night
 After 'Tis the cry of a soul bereft of sight
 To her Alas, for that spirit's hapless plight
 Throated as Moaning, drearily moaning!
 In her sea-girt realm serene
 Still What sound swells over the fields to-night
 Far bey On the silver tide of the pale moon light?
 Is the "Tis a choir of the blest in regions bright
 Sinks below the Chanting, joyfully chanting!

Time stands not, we sell the years have flown
 And many a chance the island realm hath known
 Her ships are vanished from the western seas
 There once their canvas bent to every breeze
 Her sailors' eyes are dim, their cheeks no more
 Her party shrouded in the unknown shore
 Some ships departed, but not peacefully
 A stranger throng of wondering vision waits
 All, all is changed, yet deem not, ye who mount
 Her's a love less dead, by time and space outworn
 Still of her vale by the seaward water
 The yearning mother for her children waits
 And still, dreams of all her vanished ones
 At memory's call returning to her shore
 Out in her dreams remembered forms arise
 Faces slight with hopeful - earnest eyes
 Her boys, who bore the flag through flood and fire
 Till freedom's hand in martyr's blood was dyed
 They of the legion, who with lifelines ran
 Bore leaping, leaping forth throughout the land
 With summer winds from out the vale they come
 Like night birds in eager flight for home
 Clear to her view with faces all alive
 They near the port, the land-of-land-are.

The Body-bell

What sound floats in from the sea to-night
 Over meadows dotted in the sunset light
 'Tis a bell on some far island
 Telling, merrily tolling!

What sound rises over the vale to-night
 From the outer bar with the stars of night
 'Tis the chime of a bell in his light
 Chanting, gleefully chanting!

What sound drifts in from the sea to-night
 'Tis the cry of a soul, herald of night
 Alas, for that spirit's hapless flight
 Meaning, drearily meaning!

What sound swells over the fields to-night
 On the silver side of the pale moon light
 'Tis a choir of the blessed in regions bright
 Chanting, joyfully chanting!

Ye that call her Mother still,
 True and loyal to her will,
 Sons, far scattered o'er the earth,
 Daughters of the island birth,
 Faithful still, though far apart
 From the lonely mother-heart,
 Take her blessing nor forget,
 Since ye own the sacred debt,
 Ye shall pay in love the price
 Of her life-long sacrifice.
 Faithful tribute shall ye bring
 To her heart, long hungering,
 Be your gifts both rich and sweet
 Lay them humbly at her feet.

"Spirit of Love, all potent still and kindly
 Hear thou mine even-song,
 Guard thou my children, lest they stumble blindly
 Life's devious paths among.

Be thou their guide amid the great world yonder
 And over the trackless foam,
 Teach them to know that wheresoe'er they wander
 My heart still calls them home.

When tempests rage and clouds hang darkly o'er them
 Be thou their beacon light,
 Bid them sail on until the land that bore them
 Looms radiant to their sight!"

Still beside her sapphire gates
 Gray and worn the Mother waits,
 Evermore the rhythmic song
 Of the far-off, white-plumed throng
 Sounds unto her aged ears
 Like the dirge of by-gone years.
 Still by night her beacons burn
 Lest some wanderer return
 After storm and shipwreck past
 To her waiting arms at last.
 Throned as fits an ancient queen
 In her sea-girt realm serene,
 Still she gazeth wistful-eyed,
 Far beyond the changeful tide
 As the crimson sun, cloud-free
 Sinks below the western sea.

Ye shall call her Mother still,
Tears and love to her will,
Born, far eastward of the sun,
Daughters of the island birth
Faintly still, though far apart
From the lonely mother-land
Take her blessing not forgot,
Since ye own the sacred debt,
Ye shall pay in love the price
Of her life-long devotion.
Faintly still, though far apart
To her heart, I am answering
As your little boat rich and sweet
Lays them humbly at her feet.

"Spirit of Love, all potent still and kindly
Hear their sighs even-song,
Guard them my children, lest they stumble blindly
Life's devious paths among."

Be thou their guide amid the great world's wonder
And over the trackless foam,
Teach them to know that whences'er they wander
My heart still calls them home.
When tempests rage and clouds hang darkly o'er them
Be thou their beacon light,
Bid them sail on until the land that bore them
Looks radiant to their sight!"

Still beside her supple gates
Gray and worn the Mother waits,
Evermore the rhythmic song
Of the far-off, white-pined throne
Sounds unto her aged ears
Like the dirge of by-gone years,
Still by night her beacon burns
To lead some wanderer return;
After storm and shipwreck past
To her waiting arms at last.
In her sea-girt realm serene
Still the gentle whisper-voice
Far beyond the changeful tide
As the crimson sun, cloud-free
Stalks below the western sea.

My Isle of Dreams

Afar from the strife of the great world's life
Lies the isle that my boyhood knew,
By each sandy cove her hammock shape
Is swung o'er the ocean's blue.

Secure from The Mother Isle.
To the weary seas of earth,
And to all who reach her tranquil beach

Set like a jewelled crescent rare,
Amid the encircling seas,
There is an island realm more fair
Than charmed Hesperides.

From spring's first breath upon her plains
To autumn's lingering hours,
In royal robes the Matron reigns
With crown of myriad flowers.

Far-wandering winds forever haunt
Her heath-clad moorlands lone,
Around her shores the wild waves chaunt
Their mournful monotone.

Loved faces come to her in dreams
Their voices charm her ears,
And all her daily burden seems
A tale of bygone years.

O, Mother Isle, though far apart
On alien land or sea,
We hear the message of thy heart
That calls us back to thee!

As it rolls from distant lands.

God speed my bark through the midnight-dark
Till the homeward beacon gleams—
Safe port I'll make and refuge take
In my beautiful Isle of Dreams!

The Mother Lode.

Not like a jewelled crescent were
And the emerald mine,
There is an island realm more fair
Than charmed Heidelberg.

From spring's first breath upon her plain
To autumn's lingering hours,
In revel robes the Nation reigns
With crown of myriad flowers.

Her mountain winds forever haunt
Her heart's-bleed mountain lone,
Around her shores the wild waves dance
Their mountain's melody.

Loved faces come to her to breathe
Their voices cheer her soul,
And all her daily burden seems
A tale of bygone years.

O, Mother Lode, though far apart
On alien land or sea,
We hear the message of thy power
That calls us back to thee!

My Isle of Dreams

Afar from the strife of the great world's life
Lies the isle that my boyhood knew,
By each sandy cape her hammock shape
Is swung o'er the ocean's blue.

Secure from harms she stretcheth her arms
To the weary ones of earth,
And to all who reach her tranquil beach
She giveth a newer birth.

In her balmy air is a perfume rare
As from heavenly gardens blown,
When in summer hours troop myriad flowers
To her meorlands ~~weird~~ and lone. *weird*

Like a mirage bright to my longing sight
Illumed by the sun's last beams,
Under glowing skies the gray town *town* lies
Enwrapped in its old-time dreams.

My fancy greets in its silent streets
Each old familiar face,
Fond memories throng as I stroll along
By each time-worn dwelling-place.

In this realm of dreams the sunlight seems
To fall with a chastened glow
And they that dwell 'neath its magic spell
Dream ever of long ago.

The wild surf roars on its outer shores,
When it beats on the yielding sands
And I hear a moan in the undertone
As it rolls from distant lands.

God speed my bark through the midnight-dark
Till the homeward beacon gleams-
Safe port I'll make and refuge take
In my beautiful Isle of Dreams!

Wherewith I conjure from the fields that bound thee
A host of memories fond.

Of all thy race thou art the last remaining
From palmy days of yore,
Lord of thy hill-top thou alone art reigning
Supreme from shore to shore.
Let vandal hands presume to deface thee
Or mar thy outlines bold,
Yet never may the skill of man replace thee
Nor power of wealth untold!

My Life of Dreams

After from the strife of the great world's life
Like the life that my boyhood knew,
By each sandy cove her hammock shape
Is swung o'er the ocean's blue.

Backs from pains the stretcheth her arms
To the weary ones of earth,
And to all who reach her tranquil beach
She giveth a newer birth.

In her balmy air is a perfume rare
As from heavenly gardens blown,
When in summer hours deep-scented flowers
To her meadows wave and fane.

Like a vision bright to my longing sight
Illumed by the sun's last beam,
Under flowing skies the very few
Swirled in the old-time dream.

My fancy rises in the silent streets
Each old familiar face,
Fond memories throng as I stroll along
By each time-worn dwelling-place.

In this realm of dreams the sunlit scene
To fall with a chastened glow
And that that dwell 'neath its magic spell
Dream ever of long ago.

The wild surf roars on the outer shore,
When it beats on the yielding sands
And I hear a moan in the undertone
As it rolls from distant lands.

God speed my bark through the midnight-dew
Till the morning's golden gleam
Safe gone I'll wake and refuge take
In my beautiful life of dream!

To the Old Lisbon Bell.

Thy massive form was founded
In old historic times;
Thy earliest notes resounded
In far off southern climes;
Thy mellow tones monotone,
That sweetly vibrate o'er us,
Hark swelled the solemn choros
Of old monastic chimes.

No iron creed thou tellest
To those who hear thy call;
In hope and charity for all;
For all, thy children bring.

To the Old Windmill

Last of thy race, once more with gladsome greeting
I tread thine ancient hill,
Where, mid the storm and stress of ages fleeting,
Thou standest calm and still,
Like storied Sphinx, inscrutable and stately,
Guarding thy secrets well,
From thy lone height thou lookest forth sedately,
A steadfast sentinel.

From sturdy oaks like these that flourished near thee
Thy timbers stout were hewn,
Where are the woods and they who came to rear thee
In some forgotten June?
Couldst thou recount their tales of toil and danger
On alien sea and land,
How wouldst thou hold enthralled the curious stranger
And rightful toll demand?

Thou seemst the wizard of an isle enchanted
Beneath the moon's pale light
And all the air with phantom forms is haunted
That scarce elude my sight.
Thy ponderous beam so oft that circled round thee
Shall be the magic wand
Wherewith I conjure from the fields that bound thee
A host of memories fond.

Of all thy race thou art the last remaining
From palmy days of yore,
Lord of thy hill-top thou alone art reigning
Supreme from shore to shore.
Let vandal hands presume to deface thee
Or mar thy outlines bold,
For never may the skill of man replace thee
Nor power of wealth untold!

Old Bell, thy children pledge thee
From many a distant land
May all good angels hedge thee
From fierce destroyer's hand;
Whatever fate befalls us,
Though boundaries seas divide us,
Still may thy sweet voice guide us
To reach the sunlit strand.

art

In the Windmill

East of my knee, once more with glances
I tread these ancient hills
Where, mid the storm and stress of war, I
Then stood calm and still
I have started, I have started, and started
Guarding the narrow well
From the lane below, then looked forth
A steadfast sentinel.

From sturdy oak like chest that flourished
The timber-stem was seen
Where are the woods and they who came to rest
In some forgotten lane?
Doubtful then, I doubt their tales of old and new
On either side and land
How wouldst thou hold untried the onion
And faithful well beand!

Those against the wind of an old chimney
Beneath the moon, a pale light
And all the six with pinpoints of light
That scarce elude my sight
The ponderous beam no all that circled round
Shall be the magic wand
Wherewith I conjure from the fields that bound
A host of memories home.

Of all the trees that the last remaining
From many days of yore
Lord of the hill-top, these alone are reigning
Supreme from shore to shore
Let vandal hands presume to deface these
Or mar the outlines bold
For never may the skill of man replace these
Nor power of wealth unfold!

To the old Lisbon Bell.

Thy massive form was founded
In old historic time;
Thy earliest notes resounded
In far off southern clime;
Thy mellow tones sonorous,
That sweetly vibrate o'er us,
First swelled the solemn chorus
Of old monastic chime.

No iron creed thou tellest
To those who hear thy call;
In hope and faith thou dwellest
With charity for all;
For all, thy children caring,
Each joy and sorrow sharing,
The old, sweet message bearing
Of grace for those who fall.
Beneath our feet the floods their ceaseless chorus
Were drowning lazily.

With measured beat thou tollest
The knell of passing hour;
Time's endless change thou rollest
From out thy stately tower;
To old tradition clinging,
Each joyous matin ringing,
Thy last sweet anthem ringing
As night's deep shadows lower.
And ever all the dreadful pianos lay—
Ancient—forever now!

When autumn winds are moaning
Across the moorlands drear;
Night's fleeting hours intoning
Thou soundest low and clear;
Sad tones, as of the dying,
Or like the wind-harp sighing,
From harbor bell replying,
Fall on the listening ear.

When fire-fiend holds his revels,
And fiercely sweeping down
With host of famished devils
Invades the sleeping town,
Thou wak'st from dreamy languor
And ever with hoarser clangor
Wieldest thy brazen hanger
Beneath thy quivering crown.

Old Bell, thy children pledge thee
From many a distant land
May all good angels hedge thee
From fierce destroyer's hand;
Whatever fate betide us,
Though boundless seas divide us,
Still may thy sweet voice guide us
To reach the sunlit strand.

To the old Madison Hall.

Thy massive form was founded
In old historic times;
Thy earliest notes resounded
In far off western climes;
Thy mellow tones resonant,
That sweetly vibrated o'er us,
First wafted the nation's anthem
Of old monarchic origin.

We have crept from thy shelter
To these who hear thy call;
In hope and faith thou dwellest
With charity for all;
For all, thy children's voices,
Each joy and sorrow sharing,
The old, sweet memory dwelling
Of years far from the fall.

With measured beat thou toldest
The knell of passing years;
Time's endless change thou toldest
From out thy stately tower;
To old tradition clinging,
Each joyous matin ringing,
Thy last sweet anthem singing
As night's deep shadows lower.

When autumn winds are moaning
Across the meadows dreary,
Night's flute-like notes intoning
Thou soundest low and clear;
Sad tones, as of the dying,
Or like the wind-bury singing,
From harbor bell reviving,
Well on the listening ear.

When fire-brand holds his revels,
And fiercely sweeping down
With host of famished devils
Invades the sleeping town,
Thou speak'st from dreamy chamber
And ever with hoarsest clangor
Withdrew'st thy chosen banner
Beneath thy quivering crown.

Old Hall, thy children pledge thee
From many a distant land
May all good angels bless thee
From fierce destroyer's hand;
Whatever fate befalls us,
Through bondages seas divide us,
Still may thy sweet voice guide us
To reach the sunlit strand.

The Quaker.

In Memoriam, D. G. H.

Just to see him walking by,
One would say
All his thoughts beyond the sky
Dwell to-day,
Ne'er did form more chaste and neat
Tread this old familiar street,
With his face as mild and sweet
As the May.

At Sankaty Head.

Be the weather foul or fair,
Warm or cold,
Well-kept broad-brim doth he wear—
Through rifted clouds the autumn sun shone o'er us,
The golden sheen trailed far athwart the sea;
Beneath our feet the floods their ceaseless chorus
Were droning lazily.

The gleaming shore curved round the headland's base,
And bore along its marge a brodered hem,
Where breaking waves cast up their filmy lace,
Inwrought with many a gem.

Westward ^{the} silent moorland stretched away;
Far east and south old Ocean's boundless blue;
And over all the dreamful glamour lay—
Ancient- forever new!

Was this mortal ever thus
Calm, serene?
Did he never crave like us
Life's gay scene?
Was his spirit ne'er possessed
With the demon of unrest?
Would he not when sorely pressed
Worldward lean?

Wrapped in many a waking dream
Oft sits he,
Calmly drifting down life's stream
Near the sea.
Wife and babes before him gone,
Patiently he lingers on
Till the turner flood at dawn
Sets him free.

At Bankaty Head.

Through lifted clouds the autumn sun shone o'er
The golden shoon trailed far astir the sea,
Beneath our feet the floods their ceaseless chorus
Were droning faintly.

The gleaming shore curved round the headland's base,
And bore along its margin a bordered hem,
Where breaking waves cast up their filmy lace,
Interwrought with many a gem.

Farward silent moorland stretched away;
Far east and south old Ocean's boundless blue
And over all the gleaming gleam of day -
Ancient - forever new!

The Quaker.

In Memoriam, D. G. H.

Just to see him walking by,
One would say
All his thoughts beyond the sky
Dwell to-day.

Ne'er did form more chaste and neat
Tread this old familiar street,
With his face as mild and sweet
As the May.

Be the weather foul or fair,
Warm or cold,
Well-kept broad-brim doth he wear-
Age untold.
And his suit of sober hue,
(Ah, the changes since 'twas new!)
See his spotless neck-cloth, too,
Smooth its fold.

Ever in his wonted seat
Meeting-days;
Silence oft doth seem most meet
For God's praise.
Staunch and zealous for the right,
Still he seeks for clearer sight,
Guided by the inner light
Thro' life's maze.

Was this mortal ever thus
Calm, serene?
Did he never crave like us
Life's gay scene?
Was his spirit ne'er possessed
With the demon of unrest?
Would he not when sorely pressed
Worldward lean?

Wrapped in many a waking dream
Oft sits he,
Calmly drifting down life's stream
Near the sea.
Wife and babes before him gone,
Patiently he lingers on
Till the turning flood at dawn
Sets him free.

The Quaker.

In Memoriam, D. G. H.

Just to see him walking by,
One would say
All his thoughts beyond the sky
Dwell to-day.
Ne'er did form more chaste and neat
Tread this old familiar street,
With his face as mild and sweet
As the May.

Be the weather foul or fair,
Warm or cold,
Well-kept broad-brim both he wear-
Age untold.
And his suit of sober hue,
(Ah, the changes since 'twas new!)
See his spotless neck-cloth, too,
Smooth its fold.

Ever in his wonted seat
Meeting-days;
Silence oft both seem most meet
For God's praise.
Staunch and zealous for the right,
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Was this mortal ever thus
Calm, serene?
Did he never crave like us
Life's gay scenes?
Was his spirit ne'er possessed
With the demon of unrest?
Would he not when sorely pressed
Worldward lean?

Wrapped in many a waking dream
Of a life he,
Calmly drifting down life's stream
Near the sea.
Wife and babes before him gone,
Patiently he lingers on
Till the turning flood at dawn
Sets him free.

The Auctioneer

The veteran crier hath been his rounds
Emitting hoarse, staccato sounds
Coherent to the native ear,
To listening strangers not so clear;
"Big auction on the lower square!"
And see, the crowd is gathering there
The clock strikes ten in yonder tower
And prompt upon the appointed hour
The well-known figure, gray and spare,
His rostrum mounts- a backless chair.

Who may forget, once having seen
This man of grave and sober mien
A Puritan, you well might say
In this old town's degenerate day
But wait, and shortly you shall hear
His cheery voice, not loud but clear
Extolling each rare antique prize
And mark the twinkle in his eyes,
When, bantered by a waggish guest,
He turns the point with jovial zest.

Behold along the curbstones there
The whole collection, quaint and rare,
Of household goods all handed down
By ancient worthies of the town
For generations, till the last
Lone relict of the line has passed
Beyond the portal! Nevermore
In the old homestead as of yore.
A truce to dreams, what's that he's selling?
A queer old rocker- age no telling,
Is that a phantom on it sitting
A Quaker matron, calmly knitting?

"Methinks that old mahogany table
Strange tales might tell, would it were able!
Ah, here's a motto worked with beads,
"God bless our Home!" its legend reads,
This looking-glass with picture on it
Of pretty maid in old poke bonnet,
Ah old man's crutches here you see,
A well-known figure once was he.
Next, high post bedstead- all complete,
Two feather beds, all clean and sweet,
One baby's cradle, built of oak,
Don't smile, no subject this for joke,
Dreamless its former tenant lies,
No need of mother's lullabies!"

The Auctioneer

The veteran orator had been his words
Lifting his voice, and his words
Confronted to the native ear,
To listening strangers not so clear;
"Big auction on the lower square!"
And see, the crowd is gathering there
The clock strikes ten in yonder tower
And prompt upon the appointed hour
The well-known figure, grey and spare
His vestment mounts a leather chair.

Who may forget, once having seen
This man of grave and sober mien
A Puritan, you will might say
In this old town's desperate day
But wait, and shortly you shall hear
His cheery voice, not loud but clear
Exclaiming with a welcome phrase
And mark the twinkle in his eyes
When, bantered by a wretched crowd,
He turns the point with jovial mood.

Behold along the curbstone there
The whole collection, young and rare
Of household goods all ranged down
By ancient wares of the town
For generations till the last
None relic of the time has passed
Beyond the portal! Hark ye
In the old homestead as of yore
A trace to dream, what's that he's selling?
A queer old rocker, eyes no telling,
Is that a phantom on its setting
A queer mirror, calmly waiting?

"Remember that old mahogany table
Strange tales might tell, would it were able!
Ah, here's a motto worked with beads,
"God bless our home!" its legend reads,
This looking-glass with picture on it
Of pretty maid in old-time dress,
Ah old man's crutches have you seen,
A well-known figure once was he
Next, high post bedstead - all complete
Two feather beds, all clean and sweet
One baby's cradle, built of oak,
Don't smile, no subject this for joke,
Remember the former legend lies,
No need of mother's lullaby!"

"This roll rag carpet, hit-or-miss,
There's ten years' more of wear in this,
One eight-day clock, Eh, going? Oh yes,
For fifty dollars, and no less!
One winding-swift, inlaid with skill,
And here's Aunt Debby's coffee-mill
Six old Dutch plates- the real Delf'
(Madam, don't bid against yourself!)
Blue platters, cracked, but good as new,
Now, Underhill, a prize for you!"

"Come friends, you must be half asleep,
These things are going far too cheap
See here, I'll make them all one lot,
One bull's-eye lantern, gallon pot,
One whale-oil lamp with can to fill it,
And this unique three-legged skillet,
Now, Mr. Dudley, chance for you
Such treasures fall to very few."

What, twelve o'clock? old friend adieu,
We owe a countless debt to you
Long have you stood, a friend indeed
To widows, orphans, in their need,
Your good right hand would scorn to tell
Its mate the trick of giving well,
Far be the day when all is done
That finds you "going, going-gone!"

'Mid gathering dust and grime,
The trace of vanished fingers,
Rude ledger-marks of time;
This quaint repository
Well knows the oft-told story
Of old Nantucket's glory
Her long departed prime.

Lost of the old-time Meeting
He lingered on the scene;
Not failed his cheery greeting,
His calm and tranquil mien;
No children to pursue him,
No priest had need confess him,
Ours everywhere to bless him,
And keep his memory green.

"This toll was exact, hit-or-miss,
There's ten years' more of work in this,
One eight-day clock, ten, twenty, or yes,
For fifty dollars, and no less!
One winding-swing, inside with skill
And here's a Aunt Betty's coffee-mill
Six old Dutch plates - the real Delft
Gladam, don't bid against yourself!
Blue glassware, cracked, but good as new,
Now, Undershill, a prize for you!"

"Come friends, you must be half asleep,
These things are proper for too cheap
See here, I'll make them all one lot,
One half-a-egg Laster, yellow pot,
One white-oil lamp with can to fill it
And this makes three-legged skillets,
Now, Mr. Dobbler, choose for you
Such treasures fall to very few."

That, twelve o'clock, old friends adieu,
As one a countryman debt to you
I have have you asked, a friend induced
To show, perhaps, in their need,
Your cash might have been seen to tell
It was the rule of giving well,
For he the day when all is done
That finds you "colony, colony-son!"

An Old Nantucketer.
As seen in silhouette.

O, gently Friend of bygone days,
With my best bow I greet thee;

The Hardware Merchant

W. S. H. Jan. 1, 1899.

There by his lifelong dwelling
It stands, from roof to floor
The voiceful silence telling
Of him who comes no more;
There by the glowing ember
In life's clear calm December,
How loved he to remember
Youth's voyage o'er and o'er!

As on its threshold lonely
With reverent step I tread,
To fancy's vision only
Looks forth his good gray head;
From rusty treasures olden
To memory's charm beholden
I catch the glamour golden
Of boyhood's days long dead.

On shelf and showcase lingers
'Mid gathering dust and grime,
The trace of vanished fingers,
Rude ledger-marks of time;
This quaint repository
Well knows the oft-told story
Of old Nantucket's glory
Her long departed prime.

Last of the old-time Meeting
He lingered on the scene;
Nor failed his cheery greeting,
His calm and tranquil mien;
No children to caress him,
No priest had need confess him;
Ours evermore to bless him,
And keep his memory green.

Thou couldst not sing, or play the harp,
Or be a dancing teacher.
One cannot hope to rightly take
The measure of thy talents,
But on one point my hat I'll stake—
Thou wast a man of balance.

The Highway Wanderer

W. S. M. Jan. 1, 1893.

There by his lifeless dwelling
It stands, from roof to floor
The voiceless silence telling
Of him who comes no more;
There by the flowing amber
In life's clear calm December,
How loved he to remember
Youth's warm days of love and cheer!

As on the threshold lonely
With reverent step I tread,
To fancy's vision only
Looks forth his good grey head;
From rusty fragments of old
To memory's shrine he is led;
I catch the faintest vision
Of boyhood's days long dead.

On shill and shovels' fingers
Mid gathering dust and grime,
The trace of vanished fingers
Like ledger-marks of time;
This quaint repository
Well knows the old-world story
Of old Hawthorne's glory
Her long departed prime.

Last of the old-time meeting
Has lingered on the scene;
Not faded his cheery greeting,
His calm and tranquil mien;
No children to caress him,
No priest had need confess him;
Ours evermore to bless him,
And keep his memory green.

An Old Nantucketer.

As seen in silhouette.

O, portly Friend of bygone days,
With my best bow I greet thee;
As on thy rotund form I gaze,
It seemeth good to meet thee!
I would not for an empire lose
Thy "counterfeit presentment,"
From all its outlines seem to ooze
An air of bland contentment.

Thy well-kept broad-brim shows no trace
Of disrespectful fingers,
And on thy sleek and jovial face,
Complacency still lingers.
In all thy make-up there appears
A perfect sense of fitness;
Of how they fared in bygone years,
Thou art a silent witness.

Of plump wild-fowl full many a brace,
Of Tuckernuck or Hummock,
Must sure have found a resting-place
In that capacious stomach.
While other men aspired to lead
In councils of the nation,
It was enough for thee to feed
Thy own great corporation.

Thy neckcloth neat I like to see,
Thy noble queue well braided;
Shade of Confucius! can it be
Thou didst it up unaided?
What was thy name? Hadst thou a wife?
Who was thy lucky tailor?
Whate'er thy calling was in life,
Thou never wast a sailor.

Thou never wast a lawyer sharp,
Nor yet a "hireling preacher;"
Thou couldst not sing, or play the harp,
Or be a dancing teacher.
One cannot hope to rightly take
The measure of thy talents,
But on one point my hat I'll stake
Thou wast a man of balance.

An Old Handwritten.
As soon as I have

O, pretty friend of my days,
With my best bow I greet thee;
As on thy round form I gaze,
It seems as if I were
I would not for an empire's loss
Thy "countenance" presentment,
From all its outlines seem to come
An air of bland contentment.

The well-kept hand-drawn shows no trace
Of dissipation's tinge,
And on thy sleek and jeweled face,
Complacency still lingers.
In all thy make-up there appears
A perfect sense of fitness;
Of how they fared in bygone years,
Then and a silent witness.

Of plump with-few full many a trace,
Of Tuckermore or Remond,
Must surely have found a resting-place
In that capacious stomach.
While other men sought to lead
In counsels of the nation,
It was enough for thee to lead
Thy own great corporation.

Thy neckcloth most I like to see,
Thy noble quess well brushed;
Shade of Gontrevault can it be,
Thou didst it up unbrushed?
What was thy name? What thou a wife
Who was thy lucky sailor?
What's thy calling was in life,
Thou never wast a collector.

Thou never wast a lawyer's clerk,
Nor yet a "hitting" promoter;
Thou couldst not aim, or fish the hall,
Or be a dancing teacher.
One cannot hope to rightly take
The measure of thy talents,
But on one point my bill I state
Thou wast a man of balance.

"Pourquoi?"

Methinks I see thy pond'rous form
Serenely "down-long" rolling; *down-long*
Thou stoppest not for any storm
When eight o'clock is tolling.
Each open store thou amblest by,
Until, the market reaching,
The anxious carvers quickly fly,
Thy patronage beseeching.

Hark! dinner time! Old Friend, farewell,
'Twere madness to detain thee;
Who would presume thy faults to tell,
Or say one word to pain thee?
In future days, when oft will sweep
A flood of memories o'er me,
'Twill cheer my loneliness to keep
Thy silhouette before me!

Pardonnez moi, my name is "Arris,
And I once spent three months in Paris.
Art thou an exile from the land
That was Napoleon's empire grand?"
But when that stranger man he saw,
He slightly waved his mammoth paw,
Intoning solemnly

"Pourquoi?"

"Well may'st thou ask why cruel fate
Hath brought thee to this low estate!
Can'st thou sweet memories report
Of scenes at fair Eugenie's Court?
Perchance some souvenir thou hast
To mind thee of thy glorious past;
If this at moderate price thou'lt sell,
My foreign friend, 'Twill please me well!"
He slowly opened his lantern jaw,
"Some likes 'em biled- some likes 'em raw!"
Then loudly bellowed he

"Pourquoi?"

"Pooqua and Quahog are synonymous Indian words for the hard-shell
clam.

Metinks I see thy pond'rous form
Serenely "downy" rolling;
Thou stoppest not for any storm
When eight o'clock is tolling.
Each open store thou amblest by,
Until, the market reaching,
The anxious carriers quickly fly,
Thy patronage beseeching.

Hark! dinner time! Old friends, farewell,
'Twere madness to detain thee;
Who would presume thy faults to tell,
Or say one word to pain thee?
In future days, when old will sweep
A flood of memories o'er me,
'Twill cheer my loneliness to keep
Thy silhouette before me!

"Pourquoi?"

"Twas long ago in a seaport town
A sad-faced man trudged up and down;
His back was bent; his gait was queer;
His whiskers reached from ear to ear.
A basket on his arm he bore,
That did contain his precious store.
"What are thy wares?" A stranger cried.
He slackened not his slipshod stride,
But kept his course nor'-east by nor',
Then rolled his quid around his jaw,.
And weirdly chanted he

"Pourquoi?"

"Oui, mon ami!" the stranger said;
"I really do not grasp thy thread,
But by thy accent it is clear
Thou hast not long sojourned here;
Pardonnez moi, my name is "Arris,
And I once spent three months in Paris.
Art thou an exile from the land
That was Napoleon's empire grand?"
But when that stranger man he saw,
He slightly waved his mammoth paw,
Intoning solemnly

"Pourquoi?"

"Well may'st thou ask why cruel fate
Hath brought thee to this low estate!
Can'st thou sweet memories report
Of scenes at fair Eugenie's Court?
Perchance some souvenir thou hast
To mind thee of thy glorious past;
If this at moderate price thou'lt sell,
My foreign friend, 'Twill please me well!"
He slowly ope'd his lantern jaw,
"Some likes 'em biled- some likes 'em raw!"
Then loudly bellowed he

Pourquoi?"

"Pooqua and Quahog are synonymous Indian words for the hard-shell clam.

"Pourquoi?"

"I was born in a seaport town
A sad-faced man trudged up and down;
His back was bent; his gait was queer;
His whiskers reached from ear to ear.
A basket on his arm he bore,
That did contain his precious store.
"What are thy wares?" A stranger cried.
He slackened not his alighted stride;
But kept his countenance set by rote,
Then rolled his quid around his jaw.
And weirdly chanted he

"Pourquoi?"

"Oul, mon ami!" the stranger said;
"I really do not grasp thy thread,
But by thy accent it is clear
Thou hast not long sojourned here;
Pardonnez moi, my name is 'Aria',
And I once spent three months in Paris.
Art thou an exile from the land
That was Napoleon's empire grand?"
But when that stranger man he saw,
He slightly waved his mammoth paw,
Intoning solemnly

"Pourquoi?"

"Well may'st thou ask why cruel fate
Hath brought thee to this low estate!
Canst thou sweet memories report
Of scenes as fair as Eugenie's Court?
Perchance some souvenir thou hast
To mind thee of thy glorious past;
If this at moderate price thou'lt sell,
My foreign friend, 'Twill please me well."
He slowly opened his lantern jaw,
"Some likes 'em filled - some likes 'em raw!"
Then loudly bellowed he

"Pourquoi?"

"Poozus and Quahog are synonymous Indian words for the hard-shell clam.

LAURENCE FOR A FAVORITE LOCOMOTIVE.
Airs: "The Hairy Tars" "Deep Sea Song" "Tara's Halls"

Oh I love the sea- the sparkling sea
As I list to its hollow roar,
But when 'tis rough I'm happy enough
To wind my watch on shore!

So I'll sing ye a deep sea song
Like a tough old ocean rover,
With a rattlin' ring and a rousin' swing
And an elegant style moreover!

True heroes bold were the tars of old,
When they followed the spouting whale,
More fond I am of the gentle clam
With a jug of the foamy ale.

Oh I'm proud of my ship, my gallant ship,
As she rides o'er the foaming bar,
But all the same will I tarry at home hame,
Where the solid comforts are!

When the wind blows free o'er the wintry sea,
And the breakers beat on the sand,
I will hug my berth by the roaring hearth
And keep my log on the land.

And I'll sing ye my deep sea song,
Like a regular ocean rover,
So come what will, be ye faithful still
To your own true nautical lover!

And when the daughty William D.
Says, "Go-o-o and see the surf!"
A mighty host will eagerly
Go tramping o'er the turf.
And as with disappointed glare
They find it shimmered down,
O, fancy them with injured air
Come trudging back to town!

Still oft on moonlit summer night
May dreamers hear again
Dionis, as in spectral flight
She scuttles o'er the plain.
From lonely hills of Echadeer
Reverberate once more
Those witching strains we loved to hear
Along the Gocse-pond shore.

Deep Sea Diver

Oh I love the sea - the sparkling sea
As I lean to the hollow tower,
But when I'm lonely I'm happy enough
To stand and watch the waves.

So I'll climb to a deep sea diver
Like a lonely old ocean diver,
With a rattling line and a reel,
And an ancient style of music.

Two horses held were the pair of old
Then they followed the winding way,
Now I am of the world of sea
With a tug of the long line.

On I'm proud of my ship, my sailing ship,
As the light of the morning day
But all the same will I carry at sea
Where the cold water is.

When the wind blows from the north
And the breeze from the south
I will see the world by the morning light
And keep my eye on the land.

And I'll stand to my deep sea diver
Like a lonely old ocean diver,
So come what will, be ye faithful still
To your own true musical love.

LAMENT FOR A FAVORITE LOCOMOTIVE.
Air: "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls"-

O, where is dear Dionis now
And all her festive train?
The headlight on her iron brow
We seek, alas, in vain!
In rows the silent sleepers lie,
No warning toot they hear,
Nor tremble, as she rushes by,
The hills of Nobadeer.

Those dulcet strains we loved to hear
Along the Goose-pond shore
Are silent now on moor and mere
Forever-evermore!
Oh, cruel irony of fate
That such a road may rust,
And all the sleepers hibernate
Beneath the drifted dust!

O, flagman by the Goose-pond shore
Your banner waves in vain;
For you shall greet O, nevermore,
Dionis and her train!
Be yours a heartfelt sympathy
For strangers at our gate
Who in the station mournfully
With season tickets wait!

And when the doughty William D.
Says, "Go-o-o and see the surf!"
A mighty host will eagerly
Go tramping o'er the turf.
And as with disappointed glare
They find it simmered down,
O, fancy them with injured air
Come trudging back to town!

Still oft on moonlit summer night
May dreamers hear again
Dionis, as in spectral flight
She scuttles o'er the plain.
From lonely hills of Nobadeer
Reverberate once more
Those witching strains we loved to hear
Along the Goose-pond shore.

LAUREL FOR A FAVORITE LOCOMOTIVE.
Air: "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls"

O, where is dear Dionie now
And all her festive train?
The headlight on her iron brow
We seek, alas, in vain!
In rows the silent sleepers lie,
No warning foot they hear,
Nor tremble, as she rushes by,
The hills of Nobadear.

Those dulcet strains we loved to hear
Along the Goose-pond shore
Are silent now on moor and mere
Forever-evermore!
Oh, cruel irony of fate
That such a road may rust
And all the sleepers hibernate
Beneath the drifted dust!

O, flaxman by the Goose-pond shore
Your banner waves in vain;
For you shall greet O, nevermore,
Dionie and her train!
Be yours a heartiest sympathy
For strangers at our gate
Who in the station mournfully
With reason tickets wait!

And when the doughty William D.
Says, "Go-o-o and see the surly!"
A mighty host will eagerly
Go tramping o'er the turf.
And as with disappointed glare
They find it simmered down,
O, fancy them with injured air
Come trudging back to town!

Still off on moonlit summer night
May dreamers hear again
Dionie, as in spectral flight
She scuttles o'er the plain.
From lonely hills of Nobadear
Reverberate once more
Those witching strains we loved to hear
Along the Goose-pond shore.

A Cold Water Victory.

Sherburne, 1755.

"Peleg Mitchell (father of the late Peleg), of Nantucket, grand-son of Jethro Starbuck, and great-grand-son of Mary Starbuck, relates the circumstances described to him by his mother and others, concerning her father, Jethro Starbuck and his brother Nathaniel, which occurred during a former war between the French and Americans." (Here follows the account.)

Now list ye, hardy sailor-men,
A thrilling tale I'll tell
All of a bloodless victory
That cost no shot or shell:

'Twas back in "French and Injun" days
A privateer came down
And anchored in the channel way
To blockade Sherburne town.

Down came the Quaker citizens
And gathered on the shore:
"Alas!" they said, "our wood is low-
What shall we do for more!"

Then up spake Jethro Starbuck bold
"A craven lot are ye
That suffer this French privateer
Such obstacle to be!"

"Well, Jethro, 'tis a grievous thing-
Long have we prayed for light;
Now tell what thou would'st have us do-
Thou surely would not fight!"

"Nay, not one drop of blood we'll spill,
But, friends, I have a plan
To capture that same privateer
And pinion every man!"

"Just give me Obed Pinkham's sloop,
And forty men for crew,
All armed with common kitchen-mops-
Thou'lt see what I will do!"

Eight bells had struck- all yet was still
Aboard the privateer,
When suddenly the watchman spied
A vessel drawing near:

A Cold Water Victory.

Sherburne, 1755.

"Peter Mitchell (father of the late Peter), of Warrington, and son of Jethro Starbuck, and great-grand-son of Mary Starbuck, states the circumstances described to him by his mother and others, concerning her father, Jethro Starbuck and his brother Nathaniel, which occurred during a former war between the French and Americans." (Here follow the account.)

Now first ye, Hardy sailor-men,
A thrilling tale I'll tell
All of a bloodless victory
That cost no shot or shell:

'Twas back in "French and Indian" days
A privateer came down
And anchored in the channel way
To blockade Sherburne town.

Down came the Quaker citizens
And gathered on the shore:
"Alas!" they said, "our wood is low-
What shall we do for more!"

Then up spake Jethro Starbuck bold
"A craven lot are ye
That suffer this French privateer
Such obstacle to be!"

"Well, Jethro, 'tis a grievous thing-
I now have we prayed for light;
Now tell what thou would'st have us do-
Thou surely would'st not fight!"

"Nay, not one drop of blood we'll spill,
But, friends, I have a plan
To capture that same privateer
And pluck every man!"

"Just give me Obed Finkham's sloop,
And forty men for crew,
All armed with common kitchen-knives-
Then 'till see what I will do!"

Right bellowed and struck- all yet was still
Aboard the privateer,
When suddenly the watchman cried
A vessel drawing near:

"Ahoy-Ahoy there! Come about
Quick, or we'll open fire!
But ~~still~~ the old sloop kept her course,
And silently drew nigher.

Boom went the gun- across their bow
A ten-pound shot was dropped,
And straight behind the binnacle
In haste old Jethro popped.

"Aha!" said brother Nat. to him-
"And wilt thou prove a coward?"
"Not so," quoth he, "good men are scarce,
Go, take thy station forward;"

"Call up the crew- stand ready all
To grapple at her side,
Then every man will seize his mop
And dip it 'neath the tide!"

The moment came- they leapt aboard;
More quick than tongue can tell,
Upon that hapless foreign crew
A sudden blindness fell.

They staggered, gasping hard for breath-
All in a helpless plight,
And quick as flash old Jethro's crew
Bound every Frenchman tight.

Then Jethro lit his pipe and said
"Now, brother, who's thy coward?
Go, get thee aft and stand the watch,
I'll muster all hands forward!"

Then did those Frenchmen weep and wail
And beg for liberty.
But Jethro, frowning, shook his head:
"Too good for such as thee!"

"Such wicked, vile, blood-thirsty men
Good freedom would be lost on;
Thy vessel is our lawful prize-
We'll send thee up to Boston!"

"Ahoy-Ahoy there! Come about
 Quick, or we'll open fire!
 But still the old ship kept her course,
 And silently drew nigher.

Boom went the gun - across their bow
 A ten-pound shot was dropped,
 And straight behind the dunnage
 In haste old Jethro popped.

"Ah!" said brother Nat. to him -
 "And wilt thou prove a coward?"
 "Not so," quoth he, "good men are scarce,
 Go, take thy station forward!"

"Call up the crew - stand ready all
 To grapple at her side,
 Then every man will seize his mop
 And dip it 'neath the tide!"

The moment came - they leapt aboard;
 More quick than fowls can fall,
 Upon that hapless foreign crew
 A sudden blindness fell.

They staggered, gasping hard for breath -
 All in a helpless plight,
 And quick as flash old Jethro's crew
 Bound every Frenchman tight.

Then Jethro lit his pipe and said
 "Now, brother, who's thy coward?"
 "Get thee aft and stand the watch,
 I'll muster all hands forward!"

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"Such wicked, vile, blood-thirsty men
 Good freedom would be lost on;
 Thy vessel is our lawful prize -
 We'll send thee up to Boston!"